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The House of My Dreams

[Anonymous]



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THE BEATEN PATHS

THE MINIATURES

ODOR of lavender, myrrh and rose,
Sheen of satin 'neath laces rare,
A quaint old fan of sandalwood,
A delicate chain, a lock of hair,

A silver casket, tarnished and brown,
Within a locket rimmed in gold
And monogramed in priceless gems
Cunningly set in the ivory old.

I slip the clasp and am far away
Into the days when you were young
And like the miniatures I kiss,
While I was the child who sung.

Peace be to you! Long shadows drift,
Dim and ghostly, about the room.
Peace be to you? No, peace to me
Who wander,— you are home.

The night comes down, and you fade away.
Let me find mercy in thy sight,
O Jesu, Jesu; peace to me,—
Goodnight, dear hearts, goodnight, good-
night.

THE FIELDS OF GOD

I STRAYED with my weary self
In the fair green fields one day,
I laid my weary self
Down on the soft green sod.
The white clouds drifted over,
The bees hummed in the clover,
And I lost my weary self
Somewhere in the fields of God.

I tramped with my restless self
By the storm tossed sea one day,
With my restless, fretful self
Through the drifting white sea fog.
The seagulls screamed before me,
The salt sea foam dashed o'er me,
And I lost my restless self
Somewhere by the sea of God.

I took my lonely self
To the far blue hills one day,
My lonely, heart-sick self
Where the hillside daisies nod.
The little streams went singing,
Bird songs from the pines were ringing,
And I lost my lonely self
Somewhere in the hills of God.

WHEN TOMMY PLAYS

WHEN Tommy plays, from o'er the silver strings
Low voices lure me into lands of May
Through memories' door of other days,
When Tommy plays.

And there the birds are singing in the trees ;
The winds a-sighing through the meadow grass ;
The bees swing where the clover sways ;
When Tommy plays.

I see the shadows drifting o'er the moors ;
The radiant sunlight on the far blue hills,—
A mingling of gold and somber grays,—
When Tommy plays.

I dream of children dancing on the green
Or wading in the little babbling brook,—
Bonnie children of the olden days,—
When Tommy plays.

THE GHOST WIND

GHOST Wind came hying gayly along,
With roguish laughter and lilting song,
Stealing many a kiss as on he passed.
The white rose blushed, but the red rose laughed ;
The tall white lily haughtier grew ;
The violets' eyes were wells of dew ;
And a saucy one cried from her shady nook,
“ You rascal! Put back that kiss you took ! ”

FRIENDSHIP

THE golden sunlight floods my pathway round ;
The breath of fragrant roses fills the air ;
And o'er my heart there's stealing warm and
rare
The fragrance of dear friendships I have found.

WHEN I GO HOME

I KEEP wondering as I go along
 If you'll be waiting for me,—
You two who are gone,—
 When I go home.
For, oh, it's long since God called you two home;
A long, long time since you left me alone;
A long, rough way o'er which I've had to roam.

I keep wondering if you'll be ashamed,—
 For I keep falling so,
Losing all I've gained,—
 When I go home.
For, oh, it's long since God called you two home;
A long, long time since you left me alone;
A long, rough way o'er which I've had to roam.

I keep wondering if you'll love me still,
 Just as in the olden days;
And, oh, I'm praying that you will
 When I go home.
For, oh, it's long since God called you two home;
A long, long time since you left me alone;
A long, rough way o'er which I've had to roam.

THE BEATEN PATHS

O you who follow in the beaten paths,
Winning success as it has oft been won,
Threading the treadmill of routine
From dusk to dusk, from sun to sun,
Finding the fame and gold incentive full,
The winning compensation manifold,
Oh, be not too intolerant of us
Who are in spirit rovers, gay and bold.
For we, too, tread the path in duty's name,
Till eyes grow dim, and brain and sinews cramp,
But, oh, dear Lord, our spirits ever roam
Until the slender silver cord does snap!

EXPERIENCE

If I had never suffered grief or pain,
Hunger, or poignant want and woe.
When in your eyes the pain and suffering creep,
Think you I would know?

If I had never feared for some to-morrow,
O ye of little faith — so tired we grow,
When in your eyes the fear and terror creep,
Think you I would know?

ETTU?

I JUST wish I was Friday
Out on a lovely isle,—
Just God and the isle and Friday,
For just a little while.

An isle that no man's dreamed of,
In a sea that no man's known,—
I just wish I could be picked up
And dropped down there alone,

And that God would send his ravens
To me with meat and drink,
And weave around me a magic spell
With never a single think.

MY GARDEN

O GARDEN rare,
O garden fair,
In the morn with the rose and dew,
I come to pray,
To work and play
And while an hour in you

Ere I go in the street,
With the hurrying feet
And the din of the crowded way
To fight the fight
With Greed and Might
Through the jostle and heat of day.

But at last I creep
Where the jasmine sweet
And the wild blue violets bloom
And I thank my God
For the bit of sod
And the harbor lights of home.

THE SURF AT COPREY

THE surf beats on the shore at Coprey ;
It is beating in my ears,
And the convent bells are calling
From those long past, careless years

When I tossed the shining coppers
Like pebbles on the silver sand,
Laughing merrily, yet scornfully,
At the dusky beggar band

Thrusting out lean, grimy fingers,
Snatching at the coin I tossed,—
What were they to me but earth clods?
I to them? A coin lost

Down among the shining pebbles.
They cursed me for my carelessness ;
I tossed them more, “ Ah, Señorita ! ”
Scrawny hands were raised to bless.

Ah, that was long ago in Coprey ;
Today I wander, old and bent,
Wretched, starved, and broken-hearted,
Begging for a copper cent !

And perchance lean, grimy fingers
Toss a shining coin to me ;
I bless or curse, as did the beggars
Long ago in old Coprey.

WAR

“ HUSH! What’s that I’m hearin’!
The play o’ the fife and drum! ”

“ *Nay, nought but the plover pipin’,
And the poundin’ o’ the surf.* ”

“ Nought but the plover pipin’
And the surf a runnin’ high?
It’s the call to arms that’s soundin’,
And they’re marchin’ out to die! ”

“ Hush! They’re comin’ nearer,—
The tramp o’ a million feet! ”
“ *Nay, nought but the wind in the chimney
And the dashin’ o’ the rain.* ”

“ Nought but the wind in the chimney,
And the tempest roarin’ by?
It is soldiers that are passin’
And they’re marchin’ out to die! ”

“ Hush! The roar o’ cannon,—
The scream o’ shot and shell! ”
“ *Nay, nought but the thunder crashin’
And the screamin’ o’ the gulls.* ”

“ Nought but the thunder crashin’,
And the gulls a-swirlin’ by?
It’s the battle that’s a-ragin’
Where they marched ’em out to die! ”

“ Hush! It’s groans I’m hearin’,
And the earth’s a runnin’ red! ”

“ *Nay, nought but the storm a-sighin’
And moanin’ in the pines.*”

“ Nought but the storm a-moanin’
Where the nests o’ the wee birds lie?
It’s the groanin’ o’ the wounded
Where they marched ’em out to die!”

“ Hush! The sobs o’ women,
And children cryin’ for bread!”

“ *Nay, nought but a dog a-howlin’
And whinin’ on the shore.*”

“ Nought but a dog a howlin’
To the ragin’ sea and sky?
It’s the women and children sobbin’,
From where the men went out to die!”

“ Hush! . . . A voice is ringin’
Over land and sea.”

“ *Nay, nought but a childish fancy
Of a brain that’s over-wrought.*”

“ Nought but a childish fancy?
The voice cries night and day,
‘ I am God, and mine is vengeance!
I am God. I will repay!’ ”

HER SON

THE battlefields of earth lie red and gory ;
The streams run blood ; the vultures hover low ;
And mingling with the screams and prayers and
 curses,
Are cries of boys for mother in their woe.

O Mother, Mother, come to me in pity ;
The night falls on this ghastly, sin-cursed earth.
Oh, touch my brow with your cool hands, and
 kiss me,
And hold me close, O you who gave me birth,—

For I'm dying. God ! alone I'm dying
On a bloody, corpse-strewn field in wind and
 rain ;
They're on my brow.— Ah, your cool hands
 caress me,
And I'm drowsy with your lullaby again.

HIS MOTHER

O LITTLE son, O little son,
All day methought I heard the battle raging;
And now 'tis night, and wind and rain
Lash the earth in fury.
And horrid fear does clutch my heart
That you are dead.

But God forbid that you and I
Should falter in our duty
When war, not peace, rules all the land,
And nations call upon their men
To defend their country's cause,
Which defense men call patriotism,
But which cause God brands as greed and hate.

O mighty King, O Prince of Peace,
Hasten thou thy coming
That righteousness and peace
May dwell within the earth.
Men's hearts are failing them for fear,
And man's wisdom solves not the wretched problems.

But hark! The wind and rain
Beat harder at the door.—
O little son, O little son;
I hold you close,
And lay my hands upon your brow,
And kiss you,

Crooning again the olden lullaby ;
Praying my God in Jesus' name
To bless and keep my little son,—
My little son —

CY

THERE are so many things, dear Dad, I'd have
you know,
For I was young and careless when you went,
In that very long ago.

I'd have you know how fine it is to hear
Those who know you say, "We could trust
Cy";
Those words are very dear.

I'd have you know all that it means to me,—
Your tender care of such a helpless thing,
For heart and soul are mighty things to see.

I'd have you know to me you never die,
And that the longing's growing every day
To see you, Cy.

I LONG FOR YOU

O MOTHER o' mine! With the call of the bird,
The rose and pearl of the eastern sky,
The luminous light o'er a world of dew,
I long for you, oh, I long for you;
And I wonder, dear,
Do you want me, too?

O Mother o' mine! When the world lies hushed
In the warmth and glory of noonday sun,
When folded in radiant golden hue,
I long for you, oh, I long for you;
And I wonder, dear,
Do you want me, too?

O Mother o' mine! When the dusk comes down
All hoveringly as a mother bird's wings,
When stars like other worlds sail in the blue,
I long for you, oh I long for you;
And I wonder, dear,
Do you want me, too?

OLD FRIENDS

I'm wandering in a strange land,
And I'm dreaming of the past;
I'm longing for the old friends,
Those who forever last.

I'm praying for the glad days
When I'll be home again
To wander with the old friends
Through some sweet country lane
Where bees hum in the clover,
Voices hush and fall,
The name of a dear one is whispered,
A song bird's faroff call.

O for a glimpse of the old friends,
The grasp of the strong, firm hand,
The merry laugh, the steady eyes
The hearts that understand.

SOMEWHERE

THE sunshine's gay and golden,
The skies are fair and blue,
But, oh,— somewhere a heart's
Bowed down with rue.

The birds sing in the willows,
The violets are a-bloom,
But, oh,— somewhere a soul
Strays in the gloom.

THE GARDEN OF DREAMS

DEAR Heart, what a charming garden
Was ours in the soft twilight,
With hedges of dainty lilacs,
Lavender, pink, and white.

Rows of stately lilies,
Tall hollyhock and phlox,
Deep, velvety sweet william,
Alyssum by the walks.

Masses of pinks and larkspur,
Bunches of golden glow,
Faint scented cosmos, with bluebells
And maiden hair ferns did grow.

A garden of mystical shadows,
Holding dreams and visions untold
Of those we had kept through the long years,—
The beloved in days of old.

Its magical charm still holds me,—
The murmur of fountains clear,—
As it did in the beautiful twilights
Of days when you were here.

But fading now to another,—
One not of earth,— that will hold
All that I loved, dear Heart o' mine,
In the beautiful days of old.

THE CITY OF SLEEP

O GENTLE rain, fall softly here;
O bluebird, call as you pass;
O western winds, sing tenderly here
In the pines and tall sweet grass.

O river, croon a low lullaby
As you wind by the city of sleep,
Where angels, going to and fro,
Their silent watches keep.

THE PAST AND PRESENT

As all roads led to Rome in ancient days,
So lead most lines of thought toward wealth to-day,
With a golden sign upon the boards
To lure men on, and point the way.

As Rome meant power and opulence in ages
past,
So means wealth to man this present hour;
As Rome fought for the brazen eagle,
So now men fight for gold and power.

As the weak feared Rome's tyrannical oppression,
So the weak fear power and wealth to-day;
As the Romans slaughtered without pity,
So now man butchers life away.

As Rome fell through licentiousness and folly,
So falls this age through foul idolatry
In worshiping the creature, not the Creator,—
A sin that makes for ruin and decay.

LITTLE TIN GODS

OH, how we magnify our little positions ;
How sweet is the sound when the populace
 lauds
Some little endeavor, some little achievement ; —
 Oh, how we love to be little tin gods !
How we strive and contend for the flesh pots of
 Edom ;
A fling with gay Bacchus the old world ap-
 plauds ;
He who treats without stint wallows in adula-
 tion,
And, — until he's outdone, — hobnobs with tin
 gods.

Little tin gods, O little tin gods,
We'd sell our souls to be little tin gods.
Our truth and honor, — but what are those
 odds, —
Our hope of heaven to be little tin gods !

THEY

TELL me, O Friend,
What is this strange ambiguous "they"
Of which men speak in bated breath, whispering
"Hush! What will 'they' say"?
Angel of the heavenly realm,
Or monster from the depths of hell,
Or naught save myth which vanishes
As dew upon the thorn?
An angel of the light it is to thee.
If fear of what "they" say
Does keep thy feet from grievous paths,
Even though no higher motive
Dwells within thy breast;
Or angel of the darker world it is which whispers
"'They' will never know";
Or, hinting "they" will scoff at thee,
Perverts through fear of ridicule
Thy clear path of duty.
But never unto man is "they" a myth,
For "Man lives not unto himself alone,"
Only when thou hast true simplicity and great-
ness
Does "they" assume its proper place
In thy perspective.

CHARITY

THAT word charity I hate,
It so oft hides the venomous snake!

Hate it as a mask or cloak
To hide the devil in some folk;

Charity used as a blind
For sneaking hypocrites behind;

Charity within the church
So murky it would leave a smirch;

Charity in His dear name
To cover up the greed for gain,

And that all who come and go
May the gift and giver know.

Great gifts, mounds on mounds, arise,
Of gold that's pried off dead men's eyes,

Given with great pomp withal,—
Some poor devil to the wall!

Charity in institutions,
God save those who have illusions!

Making oft God's helpless one
To feel less than stagnant scum!

Thus the wheels forever grind
Out the gain under a blind

Of charity for love's dear sake.
A pretty covering for the snake!

LIFE

'THE sleet comes dashing 'gainst my window
panes,
Hurled by the ghost wind's icy hands, and yet I
am content.
For the clouds have turned toward me their sil-
ver linings,
And in the twilight, with the soft glow of fire
and candles,
The pounding of the cutting, icy sleet
Adds to my sense of comfort, gratefulness,
That I am protected from the wild night.
Or perchance the clouds have turned on me dark
faces, grim and stern,
And in the twilight the warm glow of fire and
candles turn dull ashen,
And the sleet, breaking 'gainst my windows,
Adds to my sadness desolation and a great
heartbreak
That I should be so buffeted by the tempest.
But thus it will be through all our days,—
Tempest without and within;
Clouds now showing glimpses of their silver lin-
ings,
Or turning toward us their dread visages.
But know you! He who works in the shimmer-
ing silver,

Also works in the charcoal grey,
And whichever way they turn upon us,
May we keep in our hearts forever
The glow of the high lights.

YOU PRAYED FOR ME

You prayed for me.
And when I waken in the cold, gray dawn,
The memory of your prayers does cause the
 glow
Within the eastern skies
To creep within my heart ;
The bird songs come with sweeter music to mine
 ear ;
The mercy of my God breaks o'er my soul with
 peace divine,
Making me unafraid to go into the new day
When I remember that you prayed for me.

You prayed for me.
And when the long day is done with its sun and
 shadows,—
Its high, clear places bathed in radiant light,
Its deep, dark pitfalls shrouded in gloom and
 misery,—
I rest a little in the deepening twilight
And lingering glory of sunset skies
Ere I pass unafraid into the great dark
Beyond which lies the country of my dreams and
 you,
You who prayed for me.

'NEATH THE STARS AT HOME

THE voice of the winds, the shadows, the gloam
Call me away, away,
O'er mountains and seas and green marsh lands,
Where silver streams steal down to the sands
And are lost in the ocean's foam.

O'er fair, broad meadows where sings the thrush
When the dew's on the black thorn hedge,
By lakes or streams or rushing falls,
Where the eagle screams or the bluebird calls,
And the nightingale carols at dusk.

O'er desert sands where the spicy breath
Of sage brush drifts through the clear moon-
light,
Where misty lakes lie ever beyond,
And castles whose turrets are touched by the
sun
Like shadowy dreams of death.

Oh, the voices they call and call from the
gloom
As the dusk creeps into the night,
Call me away to wonderful worlds,
For the cosmos like to a flag unfurls,
As I lie 'neath the stars at home.

FRIEND OF MINE

O FRIEND of mine, enough to know
That as wee flowers in the garden grow
In their own little niche apart,
So do I dwell within your heart.
Enough that I may come some day
And brush the bitter tears away,
O friend of mine, when the skies are gray ;
Or laugh with you in the sunshine rare,
O friend of mine, when the skies are fair.

THY WAY

LORD, if in thine infinite pity
Thou dost lift me out the miry clay,
May I ne'er forget thy mercy,
May my soul praise thee alway.

LORD, if in thine infinite wisdom
Thou dost ordain my life shall run
O'er a steep and thorny pathway,—
Father, may thy will be done.

TO AN OLD PORTRAIT

DEAR little maid in your old-fashioned frame,
Sweet and demure and wise,
I wonder what are the dreams that lie
In your beautiful, clear child eyes.

I touch your bonnie, flaxen curls
'Neath a bonnet quaint and staid;
I press my lips to your rosebud mouth.
Dear Lord, why do roses fade!

I dream of you in the still nighttime,
When your love folds me close, I know.
I hear you call and call to me
Out of that long ago.

And my heart near breaks with the joy that will
spring
Out of the wistful years,
When you will call me far beyond
The shadow land of tears.

TO A DAFFODIL

Ho, daffodil gay!
How fares it to-day,
Brave, bonny face to the storm?
An elfin you look,
Peeping out of your nook,
Laughing the world to scorn.

The March winds blow
And flurries of snow
Dust your hoyden head.
But ho! hi, oh!
The storm clouds roll
And sunbeams kiss you instead!

OH, TAKE ME HOME

Oh, take me home again in pity's sake,
Where I can see the shadows on the grass;
Can watch the sunset clouds drift 'cross the
blue,
And dream that very near I hear you pass,
You in your white gown,
With silvery hair and eyes of tender brown.

Oh, take me home again! Oh, take me home
Where I can see the moonlight through the
trees,—
Throwing dark shadows on the garden paths,
Strange and weird and Japanese,—
And dream that you are waiting
While they fall,
And that you answer when you hear me call.

Oh, take me home again! Oh, take me home.
Kind angels seem to ever guard me there.
Sweet peace dwells 'midst the quietness,
And you seem to be everywhere,—
You in your white gown,
With silvery hair and eyes of tender brown.

SPRINGTIME IN THE OLD HOME

SPRINGTIME in the old home comes before me;
The green fields where a merry child I played;
The orchards where the birds sang midst the
white bloom;
The lanes about the old farm where I strayed.

The big north lot where father used to take me
In search of blood-root on the first fine days;
We'd find them hidden in some sheltered corner,
Their fair faces to the sun's warm rays.

The little brook that wandered through the
woodland;
Full many a buttercup's bright face we'd
there behold,
Seeming to my childish fancy bits of sunbeams
Turned by fairies into cups of gold.

The wood starred with spring beauties and
hepaticas;
Pure, sun-kissed, wind-tossed anemones;
Shy blue violets, blooming fair and tender
In the shadows of the forest trees.

And ofttimes my mother'd wander with us,
Loving well the fair, sweet things abloom,—
O that those springtimes when you two were
with me
Could come again within that old farm home!

AFTERMATH

RED roses blooming by the garden wall,
Long sunset beams touch hearts of blood,
And o'er my soul vague longings flood
Wistful as a far bird's call.

I crush the crimson petals in my hand;
My heart is wrung with pity at their pain;
Yet is their fragrance not borne on the wind
With joy to some sad heart again?

Thus take my heart, O Jesu; thou dost know
How best to temper it unto thy will,
That with thy fragrance it may some heart fill,
And joy shall be my aftermath of woe.

SORROW

I DARE not pray thee to depart from me,
Thou who dost make the whole world kin,
Lest the spirit of God's Compassionate One,
The Comforter, should not dwell within,—

Lest I should turn from those who mourn,
Careless, impatient of their fear;
Turning blind eyes as I go,
Or deaf ears, lest I hear.

O Holy Ghost, O Comforter divine,
One with the Father and the Son,
I pray thee in my heart to dwell
Nor turn from me when life is done.

RECOMPENSE

Is it unjust that I should suffer
For the suffering I have wrought?
Is it unjust that I should answer
For those days with anguish fraught?
Is it unjust I bear about me
The misery in those tender eyes?
Is it unjust those memories linger
Till memory dies?

Aye, it is just that I should suffer ;
That remorse burn in my soul
As the flame burns in the oak's heart ;
That God's vengeance take its toll.

THE ROSE IN THE NICHE

I STRAYED in a garden of roses,
In the light of a sunset sky,
Where wee birds peep as they cuddle to sleep,
And low winds sob and die.

I plucked me an exquisite bud
And laid it upon my heart.
O rose so fair, O rose so rare,
I would that we ne'er should part.

But there fell the delicate leaves,—
I would that my eyes were dim,—
The heart of dust, the worm, the rust,
O God, the stain's within!

All mournfully I strayed through the roses,
In a niche one of wonderful hue;
Oh, the song in me, the joy in me,
When I found the heart of you!

THE SILENT PLACE

It is so very still where you are lying;
The birds flit here and there across the blue,
The winds are sighing o'er the sear, brown
 meadows,—
And for a little while, farewell to you.

O'er your grave the Autumn leaves are drifting;
Above, the golden sunlight filters through,
Caressing you, dear heart, so lowly lying,—
And for a little while, farewell to you.

THE EMPTY HOUSE

FROM the ivied wall hung a little house
With shutters fast drawn and barred,
The habitat of some recluse
Close hidden in his cell.
But even as I looked
A bar was broken,
A shutter sprung apart,
And after weary travail
A butterfly broke from its swaddling bands,
Hung a little moment on its silken thread
To spin about in sun and wind,
Drying the moisture of metamorphosis,
Until at last by slow degrees
It spread its gorgeous wings
And sailed away into the sunset,— free.
From the ivied wall
The wee house hung
All empty now,—
The shutters broken,
The windows blank and staring,
The recluse gone.
All joyfully, yet with a tinge of sadness,
I gazed on the useless house.
“Like me some day,— like me ”;
But hark, my soul; we, too,
Will go into the sunset,— free.

THE TRYING

DEAR Lord, I wonder why should I
Need to stand so idly by,
And see the work I fain would do
Done by other hands for you.

Dear Lord, I know not why this fate,
I only know that I must wait;
Perchance it is to burn away
From my soul the dross and clay.

A PRAYER

SAVIOR of men,
Thou Son of God, divine,
I pray thee enter
Into this heart of mine.

Give me thy humility,
Thy beauteous grace to see
And bear another's burden
As thou dost bear with me.

COMPENSATION

EACH day brings to some heart a memory
Of gladness, pain, or woe,—
Old longings and old heart aches
Only the Father can know;

Brave dreams of fame and fortune,—
Ashes, dust, and rue;
A lingering odor of flowerlets
That in youth's garden grew.

Echoes of sweet old ballads
Sung by the fireside glow,
High, clear children's voices
Ring out of that long ago.

Visions of days filled with anguish,
Nights so long in their pain
That e'en their memory wakens
The heart's despair again.

But, hush thee, O heart, thy sorrow
Shall drift as the tide to the sea
When God in his infinite mercy
Shall make it up to thee.

THE LIFE IN GOD

TURN ye back to the God of your fathers ;
He alone can give thee peace
From the restless, aimless striving
Whence thy cramped soul seeks release.

Turn ye back to the God of your fathers ;
He alone can give thee power.
What art thou to fight the battle !
What art thou in the evil hour !

Turn ye back to the God of your fathers ;
He alone can give thee grace
To withstand life's dire temptations,
And with clear eyes the world to face.

Turn ye back to the God of your fathers ;
He alone is life divine ;
Through the blood of Christ our Savior,
He redeemed your soul and mine.

WHEN THE DAY IS DONE

O FOR the faith that is abiding,
Growing stronger through the years,
Though the way be dim with shadows
And misty with a veil of tears ;

Though the heart be faint with fearing
Lest he leave you all alone
Amid the shadows growing deeper
Of the night that's coming on.

And you call him in your misery,
And your hands grope through the gloom,
Begging him to come and save you,
For you're straying far from home.

Then a still, small voice does whisper,
“ What are thou fearing on the way,
Dost thou not believe his love can keep you
Through the night as through the day?

“ Dost thou not believe that love surrounds you,
That could give its only Son?
Dost thou not believe that love can save you
When the last long day is done? ”

THE PATH TO PEACE

BROTHER, canst tell me the path to peace?
My feet they have wandered far
O'er the long white road in the blinding glare;
O'er the moors by a silver star;

Through winding ways by meadow brooks;
Through forests, still and deep,
Where the sunlight fades to the gloom of night,
And the winds are all asleep;

Through village lanes where children dance
And call and shout at their play,
To the quiet spot on the far uplands
Where men rest at the close of day;

Through the rush and roar of city streets
Where toil and strife ne'er cease;—
Ah, Brother, through all these devious ways,
My soul has sought for peace.

*Through all those ways what hast thou given
To another soul, seeking release,
Of strength or comfort, love or cheer,—
For that is the path to peace.*

THE BIRDS AND I

A WEE bird swings in her nest
Far out on a leafy bough,
High in a giant tree.
Does she not fear when the fierce winds roar
And toss and twist the great limbs round?
I tremble and fear so far below,
Yet why should we fear,—
I here below, and the bird in the tree? —
Our Father cares for his birds,— and me.

Ah, but does she not fear
When the torrents beat on that nest
High in the giant tree?
My heart grows faint
As the floods swirl round me,
Harsh and cold.
Yet why should we fear,—
I here below, and the bird in the tree? —
Our Father cares for his birds,— and me.

Ah, but does she not fear when the lightnings
flash,
And the thunders roll o'er that nest
High in the giant tree?
I shiver and cower,
And beg him to save me

From the storm in its rage.
Yet why should we fear,—
I here below, and the bird in the tree? —
Our Father cares for his birds,— and me.

IN A CHILD'S GARDEN

IN PUSSYWILLOW NOOK

Oh, you never could guess what I saw
Down in the old brown brook,
When I was there this morning
In pussywillow nook.

Way down among the ripples
Where the dancing shadows fell
Were the sprightliest little pussies,
Tumbling about pell-mell,—

The dearest white angoras,
Here and there a silver gray,
Tiger, and calico kittens,
And yellow-balls so gay.

Oh, 'twas jolly to see them,
As Ghost Wind pushed them about,
Romping with one another
And dancing in and out!

THE CRIPPLED DOLL

I've jes heaps an' heaps o' dolls,
Paris, Japs an' Chinese;
The walkin' kind, an' the talkin' kind
An' some fairly laugh an' sneeze.

But there's one I love the bestest —
The beautifulest one among 'em.
She allus goes to bed so good
After I've prayed 'em an' sung 'em.

She ain't no nose ner 'spression
An' only one leg, an' one arm,
An' her sawdust's all a-squozin' out,—
But that don't do no harm.

Oh, it's all my fault she's crippled so,
'Cause I left her up in a tree,
An' Ghost Wind came an' shooked her down,
So *course* she's the best to me.

IN A CHILD'S GARDEN

I PLANTED you, little brown brothers,
Down by the garden wall,
That you might grow into asters blue
And pink and white in the Fall,
With heads as fluffy and big as mine,
On stems that should stand as tall.

I watched for you, little brown brothers,
As the golden days sped on,
But found you had grown to China Land,
And there with wee Shong Tong
Were all a-bloom in her garden fair
By a wall in old Hong Kong.

FIVE O'CLOCK TEA

I LOVE my tea at five o'clock
 With lemon floating round on top ;
I love to see the water poured
 Over the leaves where gold is stored,
And watch the gold go creeping up
 To kiss the birds on the quaint blue cup.

WHEN DADDY WAS A BOY

I LOVE to hear my daddy tell
Of when he was a boy,
An' romped, an' shouted on the hills,
An' sung fer jes pure joy.

Fer daddy was a twin, yer know,
An' 'twas like two minds in one
When they 'ud get ter plannin'
Out their pranks, an' jokes an' fun.

An' folks they never could quite tell
Which one on 'em to blame
Fer one wouldn't squeal on tother —
An' they lookin' jes the same.

An' they didn't do those bad things
Folks said — jes to annoy —
They simply couldn't help it,
When daddy was a boy.

THE CIRCUS

I TELL yer now it's simply grand
Ter hear Dad en Uncle Alvin tell
Of the fun they had when they wus boys
At the old El'phant Hotel.

For some their 'lation owned a circus,—
I can't 'member jes who 'twas,
Whether a grandpap or an uncle,
Er a thirty-second coz.

But they had their winter quarters
Down in back the ol' hotel,
Maybe you don't think 'twas elegant!
Maybe you don't think 'twas swell!

En thar they trained their animules,
A-learnin' bears ter dance en hop,
En lions ter go through a hoop,
En little dogs ter spin a top,

En purty gals ter ride bareback
On horses white an' slick;
I guess they're mos' like fairy queens,
S' cute en pert en quick.

En don' I wish my dad en uncle
Owned that air circus now,
En wanted a boy ter do some stunts,—
I reckon I cud show 'em how!

But when I git ter be growed up
I'll hev a circus jes' the same,
With purty gals en clowns en bears
En white mice, fat en tame,

En all the things they had in theirn,
Jes' like my dad en uncle tell;
En I'll store it for the winter
Back o' the El'phant Hotel.

THE LAZY ONE

My pa says I'm a lazy one,—
Wouldn't work if I was hired;
The fellers call me Weary;
But Mother sez I'm tired.

“ It's jes because our little son
Is growin' so,” sez she.
'N' pa he didn't say a word,
But he looked queer at me.

But jes ter show Mother wuz right
When I wus took so sick,
The doctor come 'n' sez, sez he,
“ He's growed so like old nick

“ Yer can't expect he's goin' ter have
No hankerin' after work
When every little lukycite
Is lazier than a Turk! ”

“ Oh my! ” sez Ma. “ What's them? ” sez Pa.
En doc he sez, sez he,
“ They's the little fighters o' disease
A-sailin' round in me.

“ 'N' cause he's growed so awful fast,
'N' cause his fightin' force 's
Run down to sich small numbers,
Why — he jes took sick, o' course.

“ ’N’ yer ’ll have ter to be some ceerful
O’ the little chap a spell,
A-feedin’ him right up ter scratch
Till he gits sound ’n’ well.”

My pa looked sad, but mother smiled,
’N’ I jes lafed outright;
Ter think,—’Twan’t me ’twas lazy,
But them little lukycite!

THE HAPPY CHILD

Out in a cool, quaint garden
With sweet, old-fashioned flowers
Stands a weather-beaten sun dial,—
Toll-keeper of the hours,—

Just as it stood in other years
When children with winsome grace
Gave never a thought to the fleeting time
Marked off by that grim old face

As they chased the yellow butterflies,
And wove the daisy chains,
Laughed at Ghost Wind ruffling the lake,
And nodding the flowers and grains;

Laughed through a happy childhood,
Through golden, gladsome years,
With the joyous sunny laughter
Which held no hint of tears,—

The years that knew no sadness,
The years that knew no pain,—
O Heart o' mine, a-sighing
For those happy days again!

THE CALL OF THE WIND

O WIND, as you sing in the treetops
And die to a sobbing moan,
You carry me back to the glad days
In my happy childhood home,

Where you sang in the field and woodland,
You rushed along the lane,
You pushed me about in the meadow,
You pelted my face with rain.

You sang me to sleep with your crooning,
Your lullaby soft and low ;
You wrapped me about in your dream robes
In that beautiful long ago.

O Wind, lull me now with your crooning,
Your lullaby soft and low ;
O Wind, let me sleep forever
In that beautiful long ago.

SHADOW LAND

THE flames leap high in the old fireplace,
Sending long shadows that come and go,
Like shapes from the night,
Half afraid of the light,
Flitting hither and thither in the fire's red glow.

They bend this way, and courtesy that,
With the gentle grace of a day that is gone.
Do I catch the gleam
Of soft eyes through the sheen,
Or the tender note of a far-off song?

They're gliding here, they're gliding there,
Under the sway of the fire king's wand;
I never can tell
The magic spell
Those spirits weave from shadow land.

And where is shadow land, I pray,—
Away up there in the misty blue
Where the stars shine bright
With a twinkling light,
Or is it the dreams that come to you?

And who are the spirits from shadow land?
Children of heart and brain are they,
Who come with the twilight,
The firelight, the starlight,
And carry me off to my dream country.

CAN YOU GUESS?

SOME are weary, some are sad,
Some are wistful, some are glad,
Some are blue, and some are gray,
Some are crying, alway, alway ;
Some are black, and some are brown,—
Ghost Wind finds them in each town.

THE ZOO IN THE CLOUDS

HAVE you ever watched the sunset clouds,
With their tints of every hue,
When Ghost Wind pushes and shoves them
about
To make one grand big zoo? .

THE CLOCK IN THE PANELED HALL

SUCH a strange, weird thing is grandfather's
clock,

Standing so grim and tall

On the dim old stairs

Where the candle flares

In the paneled oaken hall.

It is ticking the hours and years away,

Marshaling them into the past for aye,—

Into the past

That could not last;

'Tis forever saying "Goodbye, goodbye."

A DISAPPOINTMENT

THERE they go! There they go!
They'll light over there in a minute;
I'm going to throw my old straw hat,
An' see if I get one in it.

They're jes' a bunch of lemon yellow,
Hoverin' in the grass;
A dozen or so's flutterin' 'round,—
Guards, I guess, a-watchin' who pass.

Ghost Wind, carry my old hat straight;
There it goes! There! Oh — my!
Pshaw! only a bunch of clover leaves,
An' not one — single — butterfly!

SPICY ISLES

OH, the wandering life is wearying me ;
Ghost Wind, pray, can I trust in thee
To carry me o'er the raging sea
To those spicy isles that in dreams I see?

Those spicy isles where candy dogs fare,
And tin soldiers stand guard with zealous care,
Where are chocolate mice and fierce mint bear,
And goblins swing in the golden air ;

Those spicy isles where the ginger trees grow,
And gingerbread men hang in row on row,
Where sugar plums wave as the Ghost Winds
go,
And myriad tops spin weird and low.

Oh, those spicy isles, my home they'll be,
No more a wanderer's life for me ;
There will I live, so gay and free,
On those wondrous isles in the dreamland sea.

WHAT DO YOU S'POSE IT WAS?

As I was a-tryin' an' tryin' to sleep,
A-thinkin' of all the things I knew,
Somewhere,— way off over the hills,—
I heard a whirr as of birds that flew.

It kept a-growin' nearer and louder,
A-makin' the old trees groan and creak,
A-flyin' an' crashin' by my window
With a horrible roar and shriek!

It was jes' a-shakin' an' rattlin' the blinds,
A-drummin' the panes with the lonest song,
A-creepin' an' moanin' 'round the house,
An' then — 'twas gone!

IF I'M HALF AS GOOD AS THEY

I'm going to whisper in your ear,
Old Ghost Wind, when you come,
About the sweetest mother
That a lassie could have known,

And the kindest, dearest father
That ever a lassie had ;
If I'm half as good as they,
I'll not be *very* bad.

AN INDIAN LULLABY

HUSH thee, hush thee, my wee dusky babe :
Thy cradle shall hang 'neath the pines :
Mudjekeewis shall rock thee, my pigeon, my
dove,
And round thee soft shadows entwine.

There, there, thou shy oriole,
Nepahwin is calling for thee :
He'll carry thee off to his dreamy isles,
Way out in the misty sea.

Sleep, sleep, thou elfish-eyed one :
No harm shall come to my babe :
The birds are singing thy vespers for thee
As the twilight shadows fade.

Dream, dream, my little brown thrush ;
Mother lists to her babe's every sigh ;
Gichte Manito is keeping his watch over thee,
There, hush-a-by, hush-a-by.

THE BOAT RACE

GHOST WIND's blowing fresh and free,
Tossing the white caps in the bay;
The yachts are lined along the pier,
Fretting to be off and away.

The snowy sails are trim and taut,
The brasses shimmer and shine;
Everything is spick and span
On all the boats in the line.

O Wind, which yacht do you choose to aid
In this race so brave and gay?
It's not at all selfish I wish to be,
Still,— if you *could* blow my way.

ICICLES

FROM all the eaves hang winter's stalactites,
Sparkling with beautiful colors and lights,
Gems of the rains, old Sol, and the snows,
And Jack Frost, who reigns through the long,
cold nights.

They hang from the limbs of the barren trees,
From the branches and vines with their sere,
brown leaves;
If only they'd last like the mistletoe,
How they'd shimmer and shine in our Christmas
wreaths.

But Ghost Wind soon will come hying along,
Singing a boisterous, roistering song;
And he'll worry and shake everything that he
can,
Till the shining stalactites all are gone.

THE JOURNEY

I HEAR the honking of the wild geese flying
southward,

I see them massed in wedge-shaped form against
the sky;

They are following true and fast their hoary
leader

As he guides them in the way he's travelled by.

Does he always lead them in the paths familiar,
Never wandering with the Ghost Wind far away?

If I were he, I'd roam the wide world over,—
Though perchance I'd weary grow some day.

WHY?

It always seemed so queer to me
 Why I was born a girl,
When I don't care a thing for clothes,
 Nor if my hair's in curl;

When just the sight of quilting blocks
 Is wrath and 'bomination;
And dusting up and making beds,
 Leads straight to 'lucination.

And dolls! I really do not see
 How children can abide them!
I'd rather play out doors with father,
 Throwing balls for Shep to find them,

Or go about the lanes with mother
 In search of pretty violets blue,—
Don't you think that the nicest thing
 A little girl could do?

THE FLYING SEEDS

WHAT is it old Ghost Wind's tossing and tum-
bling,

Juggling with in that careless way?
Ah me, 'twas once a gay yellow head,
Now turned to dandelion fuzz so gray.

And what is it now he's playing with,—
Those feathery stems with flat, brown seeds?
The thief! he's robbed the milkweed pods;
Stop, Ghost Wind! — but he never heeds.

A mere handful of nothing he's floating now,—
I'll warrant 'twas a royal purple crown,
Perchance borne aloft by some Scottish chief,
That fluffy bunch of thistledown.

MADRI AND I

I WAS all curled up by Madri
On the hillside in the grass,
Watching the sunbeams on the lake
And the white clouds hurrying past.

Old Ghost Wind flitted by us.
Madri, where did he go?
An' s'posin' he'd take us with him,—
Would he bring us back, do you know?

Take us back in the old years
When you were little like me,
Frolicking in the meadow,
So happy, gay, and free?

Do you think you'd know me, Madri;
Would you come and play with me;
Would your little playmates be there,
Just as they used to be?

But 'sposin' he'd leave you, Madri,
And only bring back me!
O Madri, Madri, hold me tight
And tell him to let us be!

FROM LANDS AFAR

I SEE from my black horse so high
My airship sailing in the sky.

It sails above the countryside
And brings me news from far and wide.

And from my place so very high
I see my armies marching by,

I see them creep up o'er the hill,
Then quickly all the valley fill.

They cross the river and the wood,—
Oh, I'd go with them if I could!

But I'm a little boy, you see,
And my horse's an apple tree;

My airship just a big white kite
That daddy made for me last night;

My armies lights and shadows are,
Coming from lands which lie afar

Beyond the barley fields and corn,
Beyond the brook and hedge of thorn.

But, oh, I would so like to know
From where they come and where they go.

MANY MEN OF MANY MINDS

GHOST WIND, I want your opinion,
Though I've 'bout made up my mind
That folks have funny ideas,
An' no two just the same kind.

Some say, "Why, how like her mother
The dear child's growing to be."
Isn't that too good to be true?
Well, I thought I was just like me.

Others say, "The ways of her father
All over again, don't you see,"
That would be fine, too; is it so?
There! I knew I was just like me!

THE WINDS

SOUTHERN Winds, come quickly, pray,
And drive the frost and snow away,
Break the ice on the little rills,
And nod the yellow daffodils.

Western Winds, bring gentle showers
To water the grass and tender flowers,
Build in the clouds a wonderful zoo,
With lions, bears, and kangaroo.

Northern Winds, you're cold and stinging,
Fingers, toes, and noses tingling,
But you bring the jolly coasting,
And hearth fires with apples roasting.

Eastern Winds, please go way;
You make the skies all dull and gray,
You make the trees and the seas to moan,
O Eastern Wind, please, *please*, go home.

LONESOME

I SURE wish I was a dozen er more,
I'm so lonesome o' bein' one;
They's a million things a dozen cin do
Where one can't have no fun.

They's fox en geese, en duck on the rock,
En hockey, en tag, en ball,
En puss-wants-a-corner, en hide-go-seek,
That one feller can't do at all.

O' course I'm ownin' it's mighty fine
On the ridge pole of the barn,
Allowin' all the countryside
'Ll some day be your farm.

An' hearin' how the folks 'll say
You're the richest man they's been
Since that old Lydian what's-his-name,
Er ever 'll be agin.

But that's jest mos' the trouble;
It goes ter smooth ter suit y'u,
Y'u can argify en argify,
En they ain't no one ter 'spute y'u.

En 'sputin's 'bout the grandest thing,—
'Cept fightin',— cos that's more fun;
O don't I wish I wus a dozen er more,—
I'm sure lonesome o' bein' one!

BABES OF MANY LANDS

DOWN by the shore I was dreaming,
While Ghost Wind kept whispering to me
Of the charming babes he had seen
In lands across the sea,—

Of the quaint little people in China,
With slanting, dark eyes and long queues,
And yards and yards of silk in their gowns,
Of wonderful, exquisite hues ;

And the wee winsome folk of Japan,
All bowing and smiling so sweetly,
Their dainty manners and ways
Just captured his heart completely.

The land of dikes held wee Hollanders,—
Flaxen-haired, with eyes of delft blue,—
Clad in wooden shoes and homespuns,
Their cheeks of ruddiest hue.

On the braes of bonny Scotland
Romped the bairns in tartan plaids
And gay little tam-o-shanters,—
Ah, they were merry tads !

Some dark-eyed babes of Italy
Gondoliers may grow to be,
Wandering through canals of Venice,—
That dream city of the sea.

In the North were bits of Laplanders,—
Just tiny bundles of fur
So muffled up they could hardly see,
Nor did he believe they could stir.

And here was a dusky papoose
Asleep in her buckskin nest,—
Asleep and dreaming the whole day long
As the Ghost Wind rocked her to rest.

“And some day I’ll tell you of others,”
He crooned, drifting out to sea,
“Or maybe I’ll come in my coach and six
And take you to call with me.”

A-JOURNEYIN'

I'VE been a-journeyin' all around
With Mother an' with Daddy,
From where they had the hot tamales
To where they had the finnan haddie ;

Over wide and sandy deserts,
On a great roan dromedary
That pitched about like a heaving sea,
Making you feel queer and eerie ;

Winding over high white mountains,
Creeping into pretty valleys
Where were strange and ancient cities
With little crooked streets like alleys ;

Riding out to sea in ships
Where the moon and stars sailed too,
Where the sun waked out the ocean,
And went to sleep in a world of blue ;

Drifting over fairy lakes
Nestling on the fair green downs,
Where were myriad spires reflected
From quaint old cathedral towers.

An' when I grew tired of travelin'
The very nicest part did come
When mother tucked me snug an' cozy
In my little bed at home.

DE ONARY OL' CABIN

YO'

OH, yo' de sweetest t'ing God ebah made,
Sweetah dan de bluebells down in de glade,
Sweetah dan de white rose in its bed of moss,
Sweetah dan de ripe persimmon teched by de
 fros',
Sweetah dan de tall lily wid its heart ob dew,—
Oh, yas de sweetest t'ing, am yo,' yo', yo'.

WHA'S YO' LI'L GAL TO GO?

Oh, deys' peerin' in de windah at mah dearie,
An' a callin', an' a knockin' at de do',
Fo' dey's come to take de ol' home from mah
 dearie,
An' wha is yo' li'l gal a-gwin t' go,
Oh, wha is I ebah gwin t' go?

Heh wah de marryin's an' de bornin's, dearie,
An' de dyin',— oh, dem days ob woe!
But fru it all dar wha de lubin', dearie,
An' now wha is yo' li'l gal t' go,
Oh, wha is I ebah gwin t' go?

From heh dey took yo' one by one, mah dearie,
To wha de ribah an' de pines am singin' low,
Till dey want nuthin' but de ol' home lef me,
 dearie,
An' now — wha is yo' li'l gal t' go,
Oh, wha is I ebah gwin' t' go?
Oh, dey's come to take de ol' home from mah,
 dearie,
Dey's a callin', an' a knockin' at de do',
An' yo' all's sleepin' on de hillside, dearie,
Oh, wha is yo' li'l gal agwin t' go,
Oh, wha is I ebah gwin t' go?

DE ONARY OL' CABIN

POW'FUL cu'ious what am holdin' an' a-bindin'
of mah heh
To dis onary ol' cabin wif its li'l patch ob clay,
When Ah might ez well be sailin' out from
'Frisco to Bombay,
Ef it want dat sumphin' callin', allus callin' mah
to stay:

Stay, stay, don' go 'way,
Fo' heh dey all been wif yo',
In dis onary ol' cabin
Wif its li'l patch of clay.

'Mazin' strong what am a holdin' an' a bindin'
of mah heh
To dis ornary ol' cabin wif its li'l patch of clay,
Fo' dar's no one dat am carin' since yo' all am
gorned away;
But dat sumphin' keeps a callin', allus callin'
mah to stay:

Stay, stay, don' go 'way,
Fo' heh dey all been wif yo',
In dis onary ol' cabin
Wif its li'l patch of clay.

Mightier dan de def what holdin' an a-bindin' of
mah heh

To dis onary ol' cabin wif its li'l patch of clay,
An' a lingerin' roun' so tendah wha yo' used to
wo'k an' play,
An' a callin', callin', callin', allus callin' mah to
stay:

Stay, stay, don' go 'way,
Fo' heh day all been wif yo',
In dis onary ol' cabin
Wif its li'l patch of clay.

PA'SON JOHNSING

OL' Pa'son Johnsing, one fine night
Sometime along in early Fall,
Sot off across de hills an' fields
On young Sis Jones ter call.

De night it want so pow'ful da'k
Caz de moon wah bout to riz,
But he want thinkin' tall ob dat,
Jes ob dat black gal 'Liz.

"She sho one nifty, sassy nig,"
He sayin' softly to hisself;
"She gotta heep o' beauty, too,
An' con-sid-able wealf.

"An' Ah's a-gwin' to heh now
An' beg heh fo' to be mah own,
She'd be one mazin' joy ter me
An' Ah'd sho grace heh cozy home.

"Ah long t' gaze in dem da'k eyes,
An' press dat dusky cheek ter mine;
Ah long t' kiss dem ruby lips,
An' round dat form mah arms entwine.

"Ah long t' tell heh dat Ah lub heh
An' hug heh close up to mah ha't,—
Hey dar, yo' big faced moon, yo' shinin'
Right in Brer Jenks' chicken pa'k.

“ Ah see yo’ gleamin’ on dem hens,
Silbah now der coats of grey;
When Ah leabs yo’, sweettha’t ’Liz,
Ah’d bettah drap around dat way,

“ Caze a weasel’s liable t’ cotch ’em,—
Brer Jenks dat heaby sleepah;
Ah’s bound t’ do dat Chris’en act,
Fo’ ain’t Ah mah bres’ keepah? ”

Jes den his feet began ter slip
An’ he went shootin’ down,— down,—
Inter a ho’ble black pit,
His fingers clutchin’ in de groun’.

“ Help! help! ” he madly cryin’,
“ I’s don fell into a well;
O Gord, why yo’ flictin’ ob mah,
Why yo’ sendin’ mah ter hell,

“ Ah didn’t want dat black gal’s money,
Want a tinkin’ ob dat ’tall;
Jes a-longin’ caze Ah lubed heh,
Jes a — Help! Ah’s gwin ter fall

“ In dis black an’ ho’ble dungeon,—
Gord, hab mercy on mah soul! —
Ah’ll be starbin’ heh by inches,
In dis da’k an’ watry hole! ”

De time ob day it cum a-driftin'
From de li'l village clock,
An' de moon she cum a-peerin'
Laik she gwin ter laugh an' mock.

“ Lawd, when Ah thinkin' ob dem chickens,
Dar want one unholy thot,
Jes a wonderin' if he'd sell 'em,
An' fer how much dey could be bought.

“ Pears laik — Ah seed — de — moon — a-laf-
in'—
Silbah now — dem coats ob — gray —
When Ah sez — good — night — 'Liz — hon-
ey —
Ah'll — jist — be — gwin — home — dat —
way.

“ O Gord, no! Ah ment de mawnin',
De mawnin' dat am fine an' bright;
Tink yo' catch dis niggah sneekin'
Roun' a chicken pa'k at night? ”

He wa' gittin' numb an' dizzy,
Agin de clock sung fru de vale;
De moon made all a silbah glory,
An' de wind riz t' a gale.

“ O Gord! — O Gord! yo’ flictin’ ob mah.
Help! ’Liz — honey — all dat — wealf!
No! no! Ah — see — dem — chickens shinin’,
Chickens — pow’ful — good — fer — healf.

“ O Lawd, don hab mah white robes ready
An’ slipahs faih ez golden finches,
I’s a gwin! sabe mah! sabe mah!”
His fingahs slipped; he fell — six inches!

De pa’son de next Sunday ebenin’
Gibed a pow’ful talk on feah;
Sez he, “ It’s sinful t’ be frettin’
Obah trouble what ain’t neah.

“ It’s de debil what am in yo’
Dat mek yo’ feared yo’ gwin ter hell; —
Ah ain’t speakin’ dis from spe’ience,
Jes sayin’ what de Spi’it tell.—

“ An’ Ah wants t’ gibe y’n wa’nin’,—
When yo’ lubin’ ob a body,
Don’ drift in de way ob sinnin’
By a-dwellin’ on der money.

“ Ah tells yo’ dis jist caze Ah lubs y’u,—
Not from ’spe’ience; Ah neber fell.
O mah peoples, Ahs a-prayin’
Dat yo’ souls be kept from hell.

“ An', bre'n, when de moon am shinin',
On yo' neighbor's chicken pa'k,
An' yo' see dem fat hens roostin'
In de shadows and de da'k,

“ Tun yo' quick an' be a-fleein';
It's de debil what dun lure,
En ef yo' don' run laik a white head,
He'll be cotchin' yo' fer sure.

“ O mah bre'n, an' mah sistern,
When yo' find de debil temptin',
Cum t' yo' ol' lubin' pa'son
An' he'll pray yo'll be exemptin'.”

WHA DEY ALL BEEN

OH, dat debil ting what creepin'
Laik a robbah in de night,
Laik a thief from out de da'kness
Stealin' on mah unawa's,
Sappin' all de life blood from mah,
Till dey tells mah Ah must go
Wha de southe'n roses bloomin'
An' de southe'n breezes blow.

Tink dat stop dat debil creepin'
Fru de marrer of mah bones,
Fru mah veins de fevah stealin'
Bu'nin' all de life away?
Oh, mah ha't am sick wif fearin',
Fo' dey biddin' mah to go
Wha de southe'n roses bloomin'
An' de southe'n breezes blow.

Dat won stop dat debil creepin';
Jes a-addin' to de pain,
Jes a-addin' to de grievin'
An' de misery in mah soul;
Fo' Ah's fearin' dey'll be leavin'
An' a layin' ob mah low
Wha de southe'n roses bloomin'
An' de southe'n breezes blow.

'Tain't dat Ah fear dat debil creepin',
Fo' dat brings mah neah home,
Wha dey all am waitin' fo' mah
On dat bright an' shinin' sho';
But, oh, let mah be a-dyin'
Wha dey all hab libed an' died,
An' let 'em be a-ca'in' mah
Out de place dey ca'i'd from,
An' let mah be a-lyin'
When mah time am come to go
On de hill wha dey all sleepin'
An' de pines ob home sing low.

WHEN YO' LEABIN' DE OL' HOME

It sho make a heap ob difference
When yo' startin' out to roam
Whevah yo' dun leb de strangah
O' de home folks in de home.

An' it make yo' pow'ful happy,
Do de teahs dey dim de eye,
To hab de home folks crowdin' 'round you'
When yo' sayin' yo' "goodbye";

Fo' yo' knows der lub'll follah
Wherebah yo' may chance t' roam,
An' yo' knows dey's longin', hungerin',
Fo' yo' in de deah ol' home.

But de misery, oh, de misery,
When yo' leb de strangah dah,
An' der ain't no one t' kiss yer,
An' der ain't no one t' care.

An' de dreary sickenin' heartache,
An' de grief too deep fo' teahs,
When der ain't no one t' speed yer
On yer wanderin's fru de yeahs.

An' de misery keeps a-growin'
Fru all de yeahs yo' roam,
Caze dar ain't no one a-longin'
Fo' yo' in de deah ol' home.

A-LONGIN'

It's a-longin' fo' yo', Dearie,
Longin' fo' yo' night an day
All de dreary lonesome way.

Jes a-waitin' fo' de shadows
To gib way befo' de light,
Dusky shadows ob de night.

When I's sho to see yo', Dearie,
As de night ob h'a'tsick longin'
Breaks into de glorious mawnin'.

LONELY HILL

DE peepahs am a-peepin' down de swale ;
De moanin' dub am moanin' fru de vale ;
A call ob sleepy birds,— den all am still,
An' dusky twilight falls on Lonely Hill.

De silbah stahs cum shinin' fa' on high ;
De great roun' moon cums sailin' in de sky ;
A cleah, sweet lub note —'n answerin' trill,
An' den de silence 's foldin' Lonely Hill.

DE PLACE YO' WELCOME

DEY a'visin' of mah fo' to sell de ol' place.

"Sell a pa'cel ob it anyway," dey say.

"What yo' wantin' all dat lan'?" dey axin' ;

"Yo' jist lan' po', no 'count niggah anyway.

But jist sposin' Ah kept sellin' it in pa'cels,

Money it hab wings,— dat yo' all know ;

An' when it's gorn,— What den? Oh, den
dey axin'

"Yo' shiftless niggah, *now* wha yo' gwin' t'
go?"

So Ah guess Ah'll jist be keepin' ob de ol' place

Ef He dun help dis triflin', no 'count coon,

Fo' dar ain't no spot in all de world Ah's wel-
come

Laik Ah is in dis ol' cabin home.

ON DE UPLANDS

MAH ha't was singin' in de nighttime,
In de silence an' de da'k,
Fo' Ah was strayin' on de uplands
Wif mah ole sweetha't;

Roamin' in de sun an' shadow,
Listenin' fo' de meadow la'k,
Wha de winds blew o'er de uplands,
Wif mah ole sweetha't;

Tellin' heh de ol', ol' story,
Whisperin' dat we'd nebah pa't,
But dat Ah'd ebah roam de uplands
Wif mah ole sweetha't.

PO RED RIDIN' HOOD

Po Red Ridin' Hood,
Mek mah so sad
Tinkin' ob dat lil gal
Gittin' so sca'd.

Ah'd a-kilt dat ole wolf,
Hunged him on a tree,
Skunned him laik a blaik cat
If *her'd* been *mah!*

Dat so, mah honey chile;
I's sad tow,
Tinkin' ob dat lil gal
Tellin' all she know

Tow dat ole dibil,—
No count trash!
But Ah caint help tinkin'
She was a lee-tle rash,—

Yas, a lee-tle rash, chile;
Wouldn't no one knowed
Where er how her granny lived
If she hadn't told.

Po Red Ridin' Hood,
Po lil pet.
But she orter kept heh lil
Mowf tight shet!

BRER JACKSING

“LAWDY, lawdy, Brer Jacksing,
Whin yo git tow testimonin’
’N’ yo voice hit am a so’in
’N’ yo teahs dey am a-flowin
Fo yo sins,

“Hit don mek *mah* sof ’n’ teahy,—
Mek mah laik tow *die* dat w’ary!
Mek mah mad ’n’ kinder jeery,—
Larf some, tow.

“So Ah till yo, Brer Jacksing,
Dat if *Ah* was testimonin’,
Ah wouldn’t dulg in no sich groanin’,
Wouldn’t shout from dawn till gloamin’,
If *Ah* wus yo.”

“Meby not, mah deah young brer,
Bein’ ’tis dat yo is yo,
En not mah, cos yo caint know
Jes why Ah do so ’n’ so,—
Ah don allus.

“But, mah lil youngah brer,
’Tain’t yo ha’ness dat Ah’s in,
’Tain’t yo failins dat mah sin,
Ner yo victories dat Ah win.
Dey’s for yo.”

'N' mines fo mah, mah lil brer,
Yas, Ah hab two tek mah own,
Doin' mah bes wid what Ah own,
'N' in dat Ah ain't alone.
So don' be jedgin', lil brer ;
'N' ef yo do, jedge gintly pray,
Gintly, gintly, lil brer,
Fo hit am so lil way
We hab tow go,
Yo 'n' mah.

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